

"FIDDLERS' GREEN"



Halfway down the trail to Hell,
In a shady meadow green,
Are the Souls of all dead troopers
 camped
Near a good old-time canteen,
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddlers' Green.

Marching past, straight through to Hell,
The Infantry are seen,
Accompanied by the Engineers,
Artillery and Marine,
For none but the shades of
 Cavalrymen
Dismount at Fiddlers' Green.

Though some go curving down the trail
To seek a warmer scene,
No trooper ever gets to Hell
Ere he's emptied his canteen,
And so rides back to drink again
With friends at Fiddlers' Green.

And so when man and horse go down
Beneath a saber keen,
Or in a roaring charge of fierce mêlée
You stop a bullet clean,
And the hostiles come to get your
 scalp,
Just empty your canteen,
And put your pistol to your head
And go to Fiddlers' Green.